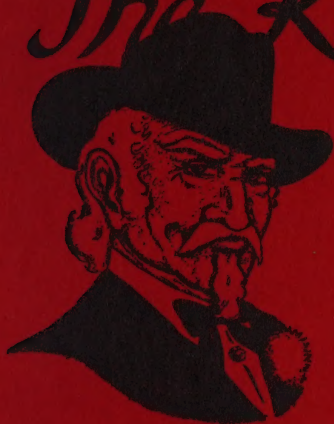


# *The Kentucky Colonel*



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May 1977

No. 5

## COLONEL STAFF

Mary Barnes

Doug Keathley

Kenneth Jones

Ronny Wheatley

Journalism Teacher--Mrs. Hay



1976-77  
CREATIVE WRITING  
CONTEST

POETRY

First Place: SPRINGTIME...

Debra Broyles

Second Place: TRYING HARDER...

Debra Broyles

Honorable Mention: THIS LOVE...

Debra Broyles

ESSAYS

First Place: CONFIDENCE...Richard

Barnhart

Second Place: HOPE...Debbie Cheek

Honorable Mention: TRUST...Doug

Keathley

SHORT STORIES

First Place: THE LEGEND OF BOY...

Debbie Cheek, Mike Osborne, Mike

Schoenbachler

Second Place: THE MAGICAL SEASON...

Doug Keathley

Honorable Mention: THE PERFECT CRIME..

Helen Young Parson





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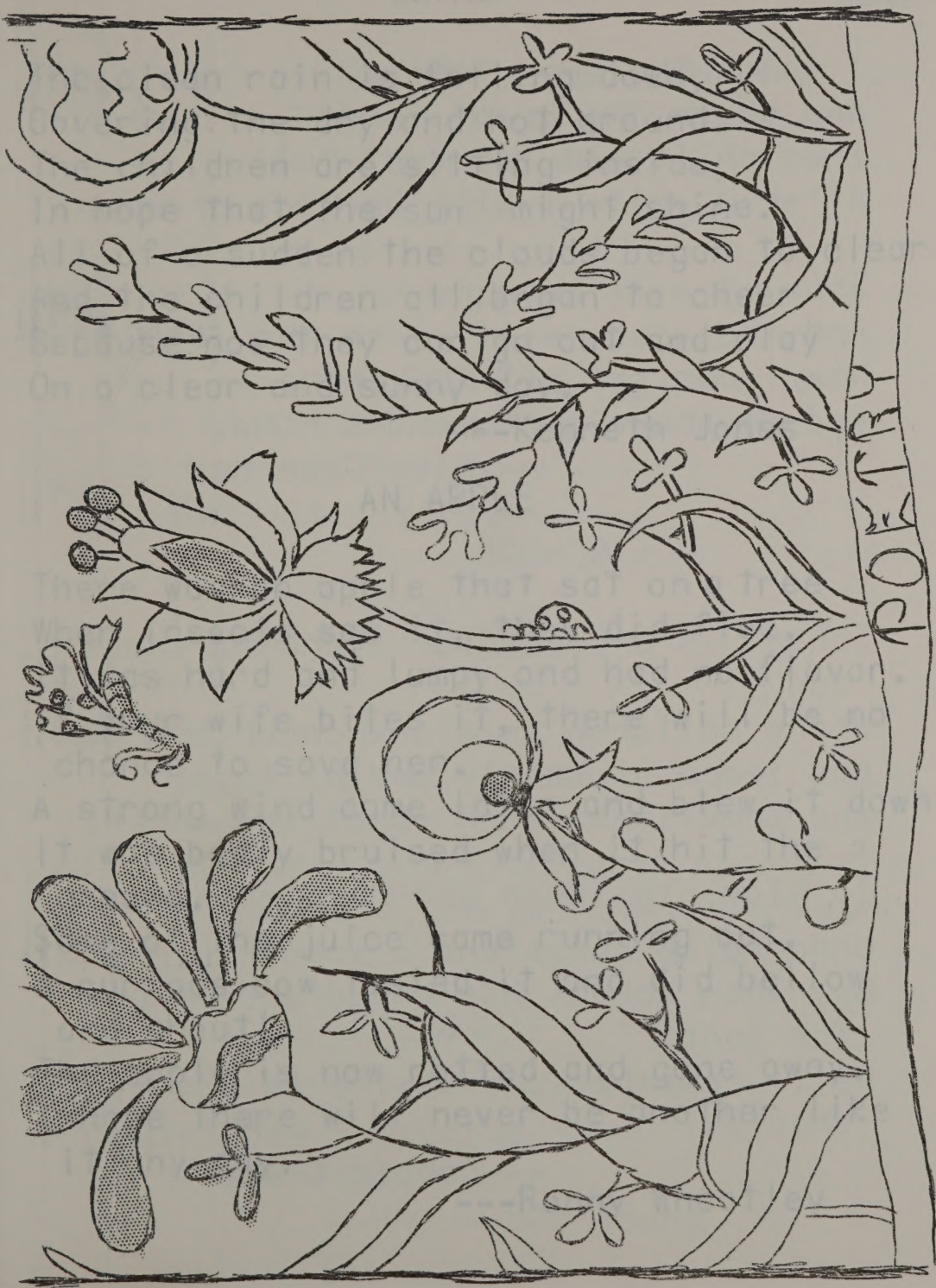
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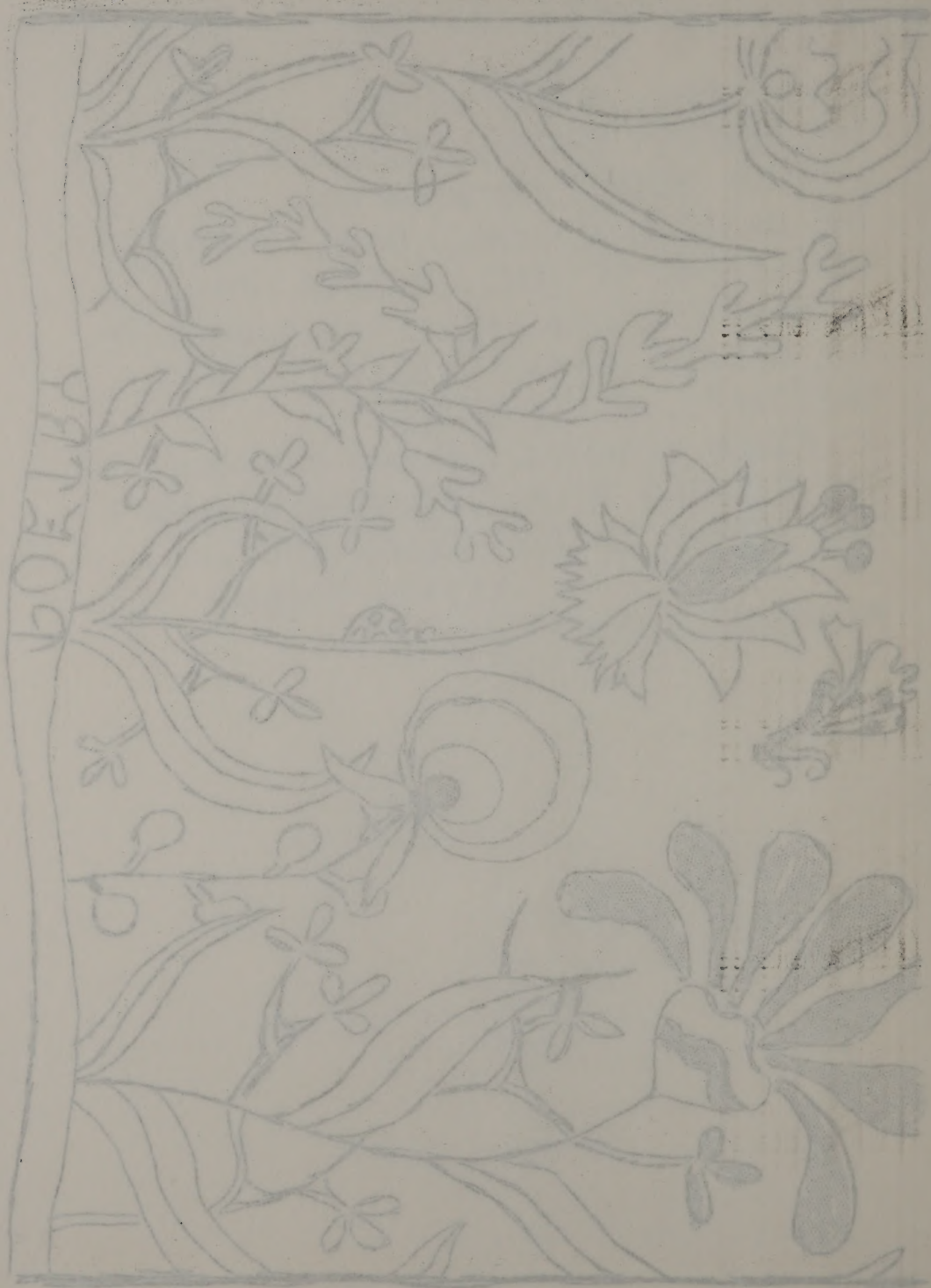
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POETRY



## RAIN

The clean rain is falling down,  
Covering the dry and hot ground.  
The children are sitting inside,  
In hope that the sun might shine.  
All of a sudden the clouds began to clear  
And the children all began to cheer  
Because now they can go out and play  
On a clear and sunny day.

---Kenneth Jones

## AN APPLE

There was an apple that sat on a tree  
When insects saw it, they did flee.  
It was hard and lumpy and had no flavor.  
If your wife bites it, there will be no  
chance to save her.  
A strong wind came later and blew it down,  
It was badly bruised when it hit the  
ground.  
Some of the juice came running out.  
A curious cow tasted it and did bellow  
and shout!  
The apple is now rotted and gone away.  
I hope there will never be another like  
it any day.

---Ronny Wheatley



## SNOW

I watch the snow fall  
And cover the great land.  
I watch it get two feet tall.  
After a while I will build a snowman.

Soon it will be gone  
And the green will cover the land.  
Now I can get off the phone  
And go shake my friend's hand.  
---Mike Osborne

## SCHOOL

School is a place for learning and fun  
Where children swim and cheer and run  
And learn of safety and of love,  
And sometimes learn about God above.

To play, to laugh and have much fun  
Under blue skies and a wonderful sun.  
But when school has ended and is over  
for good,  
We'll remember and do the things we  
should.

---Debbie Cheek

## LIVING

Living is the whole world to me.  
Life is the way I like it to be  
The space between time  
And living so very divine.  
    Living is life or  
    Life is living.

The joy of life is being able to  
Get up in the morning and begin  
To face another day.  
    That is living.  
                ---Don Young

## WINTER IN THE CITY

Wintertime in the city  
    is not so very pretty.  
It is very cold  
    and dirty and even cars  
    on the road are not very sturdy.  
                ---Leslie Riggs

## FRIENDSHIP

I have very few friends,  
But those I do have  
    I cherish.  
                ---Don Young

## TROUBLE

Trouble is fun  
And usually is done  
With more than one.

At this place  
if you're hit in the face  
You're in Trouble.

If you fink  
you are pink--  
if you stay quiet  
You're in Trouble.

---Don Young

## SNOW

Snow is on the ground.

Snow is all around.

Snow is white.

Snow is right.

Snow is fun to play in.

Snow is a time to find a new friend.

---George Bouquet



## THE GOLDEN YEARS

Those years were the golden years.  
The ones I had put aside to look upon  
to ease the pain of knowing I had yet  
nothing else to turn to.

Nothing or no one else.  
Just bitter memories that trip and wander  
through the passages of my tired mind.

They're the years that always insist on  
coming back, clear and shattering  
To haunt my each and every thought or  
dream of what has been or what will be.

They're just memories,  
Old but unforgotten memories.  
They spread over the years anyone else  
my age would have called "the care-  
free years."

The ones used to make a set plan of what  
the future will possibly bring.

They are the years that held love, fear,  
joy and tears all at the same time.

The love was not a real love.  
It was not a lasting love,  
Not the kind that is cherished, but the  
kind that is forgotten.

The fear was a real fear, but not the kind that is associated with the free and simple things those years usually bring.

The joy was not to be an everlasting joy; it was not to be taken seriously.

It was to go hand in hand with the love that came into my life at the same time.

The bitter tears were real and they are still real.

They keep me awake at night and go with me each day.

They serve to slip up when I least expect them to.

Yes, those were the golden years.

They were sad, but golden because they are a real, never-to-be forgotten part of my memory.

---Debra Broyles

There once was a man from the pole

Whose belly was nothing but dough

Like a flashing red light

He took off in the night

Screaming and yelling

HO-HO-HO!

---David Foreman

## ANIMALS

Animals good,  
Animals kind.  
In this bright world  
We all will find.

That some are wild,  
Yet some are tame,  
With patience and love,  
Adam did name:

Coon and possum,  
Camel and bear,  
Dog and cat,  
Tortoise and hare.

With God's great hand  
From up above,  
He gave us animals  
For us to love.

Animals are good,  
Animals are fine.  
If I had my way,  
They'd all be mine.

---Debbie Cheek



## RUMORS

Rumors are sometimes  
Good and sometimes bad,  
But don't let them fool you--  
Because they're bad.

Rumors hurt more  
Than a punch in the arm,  
It hurts right in the heart.

So if you hear a rumor--  
Let it dissolve rumors  
And everybody will be happier soon.

---Faye Cain

## LOVE

Love can be good.  
Love can be bad.  
It can make you feel good  
Yet make you feel sad.

Love can be strong.  
Love can be weak,  
But from the heart  
It always must speak.

---Debbie Cheek

## WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES

Flowers budding every year  
Make me think of you, my dear,  
Delicate buds open to the sun,  
Spreading happiness to everyone.

Sometimes I sit here when day is done,  
To watch the flowers one by one  
Open soft petals toward the sky  
To softly say: Glad am I.

When springtime comes  
We open our hearts  
Like gentle flowers so fresh and sweet,  
We spread good words; new friends  
we meet.

---Debra Broyles

## RAINDROPS

The raindrops are falling down  
covering the massive ground.  
We look out the window and see the day  
Cloudy as the time passes away.  
All at once the sun pops out  
And all the children began to shout,  
Because now they can get out and play  
have fun and play on a pleasant day.

---Kenneth Jones

## SNOW

Snow is either calm or steady  
But most of the time I find snow  
when it is dirty.

Snow is so nice and white.  
You would think it was out of sight.

---Leslie Riggs

## SCHOOL

The reason I go to school and learn  
all I can

Is I don't want to be a fool--  
I want to be an important man.

I never met a teacher I didn't like  
Or a book I really loved.

Always go to school to read and write  
And learn never to push and shove.

---Mike Osborne

## CAIN

There once was a short girl named Cain  
Who hopped up the stairway in the rain  
When she got to the phone

She found she was alone  
Her caller had done caught a train.

---Don Young



## THIS LOVE

This love is like the flowers  
growing delicately in the garden,  
Such soft and gentle flowers;  
such a soft and gentle love.

My love for him is pure and free  
as I thought love could never be.  
He does not know; he thinks us friends,  
Will he guess it's much, much more?

At one time, we were just friends.  
We'd come and go--nothing more.  
And all at once this love did grow.  
Never such a sweetness did I ever  
know.

This love of ours is one of a kind.  
And I know that I shall never find  
Another love like this love.  
This secret love is only mine.

About my love he does not know.  
I hope that I will never show  
My feelings of love for only him.  
My love I'll share with only him!

---Debra Broyles

## HELP ME

Let this hurt go away,  
Help me,  
That's what I say.  
Let him come back to me,  
And let him see,  
That he was wrong for what he did  
That he was acting like a little kid.

When the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
I look to the sky  
And let out a cry.  
I know you're there,  
But I know not where.  
Please let him come back to me  
Or let this hurt go away.

---Jenny Montgomery

## LOVE

Love--does it  
have a meaning  
or is it just a  
word that one says to another?  
Love--has a meaning,  
but no one is sure about it  
when one says to another--  
I love you.

They mean it as  
if they see or like  
the other a lot.

---Faye Cain

## FALL

A pretty time of the year is fall,  
When all the children are playing  
with the balls.

The fall with all the leaves falling  
And all the colors fit together  
To form a great big carpet.

It is a fussy time of year,  
When all the children go back to school.  
They put away their summer toys  
And look for other joys.

---Mary Jo Hackworth

## LIMERICK

I once had a horrible dream,  
And, oh, how I woke and screamed.  
So my roommate did say,  
"Shut that up right away,"  
I want to forget what I dreamed.

---Debra Broyles

## FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a very special thing  
to me.

If you can't keep secrets,  
Then you can't be a friend  
To me because

If you want to have any friendship--  
That is a big part  
Of having friends.

The other two things are  
Loving and helping each other  
Because if you love, help and  
Can keep secrets  
Than you will have  
A good friendship.

---Faye Cain

## ROSES

---Leslie Riggs

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Sugar is sweet  
And ---I love you.

Even though sugar is sweet,  
Lemons are not.

They are sour  
And that is the reason  
You have to eat sugar  
Every hour.



## LIMERICK

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who wanted to live in a palace,  
So she took a big jump  
Hit the ground with a thump  
Oh, that poor little girl named Alice.  
---Debra Broyles

## MY HEART

My heart is  
like a car.  
It runs all the time.

My heart is  
my home  
in summer, spring and fall.

And when it  
is all grown up.  
I will love all.

---Faye Cain

## LOVE

Love is an affection  
to the projection  
with an infection  
without objection.

---Leslie Riggs

## TRYING HARDER

When we've done our very best  
And there's nothing more to do but  
guess,  
We just get up and then we say,  
"I'll try harder every day."

But when we've tried so many times  
When everything seems to be out of  
line,  
We find a happy thought to help us  
along,  
Then nothing seems to be quite wrong.

So I always try to be this way  
Trying harder every day,  
And someday I'll be able to say,  
I did my best in every way.

---Debra Broyles

## STARS

Stars are like eyes--  
They sparkle all the time.  
Except when  
The dark turns to light  
And then the light and sparkle  
Disappear in the night.

---Faye Cain

## FAMILY

A family is nice and a delight  
Except when there is a fight  
Then it's not so warm and bright.

A family is also rough and tough  
When you have a boy with a cough  
And when he lives in a loft.

It is also so bright when there's a  
fight  
Because if everyone was nice  
There would be no love.

---Don Stivers

## OUCH

I went to bed one cold dark night.  
When I found something took a bite.  
My finger was blue and red.  
Something's been in my bed!

---Mike Osborne

## HOME

Home is fun  
all the time even  
when you swing  
on a vine in the pine.

Home is fun

even when summertime  
ends and winter  
begins.

---Faye Cain

### IF I WAS A BOOK

If I was a book

I would want  
everyone to read.

If I was a book

I would have  
no foul in me and  
I would be  
covered with canvas.

If I was a book

maybe the President  
would read me.

"Wait, stop, don't  
put me on the shelf---  
read on."

---Faye Cain



## NIGHTY NITE NIGHT

Katydid, crickets and whippewills  
The spooks come and sit on your windowsills.

The lovers are sitting out there,  
Running their fingers thru one another's hair.

They're too busy to notice the ghost  
in the air

And the night air is giving them all  
chills.

In a nightmare, you want to go to bed.  
That is all that is in your head.

You go up there--

Something gives you a scare.

You try to run, with risen hair,

But your body feels like lead.

Yes, dark and scary is the night,  
A time when all the roughnecks fight.

One comes out with a gash,

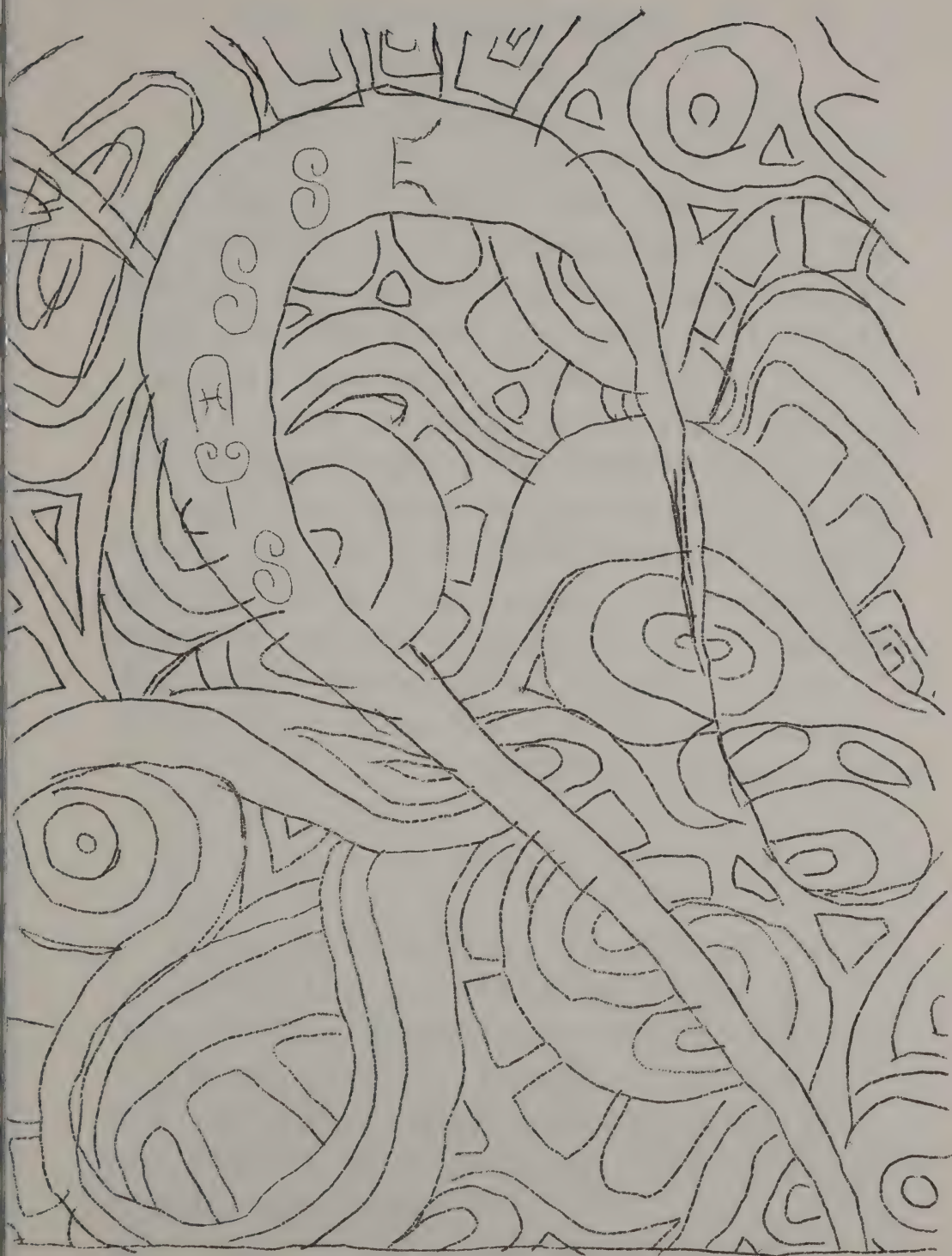
Another with a lash.

That one is dead, his head they smashed

But that kind of stuff isn't right.

---Doug Woodson









YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE  
A STAR TO BE IN  
MY SHOW

I guess it means you don't have to put a front on for someone. All you have to be is yourself. People will like you for what you are, not what you play you are. You shouldn't try to make anyone to be what you are and change them into something else.

But sometimes you have to be something you're not just to bluff your way out of a jam; such as on drugs, someone can be backed into it because they want to be like others. They think they have to fit in the crowd.

---Mike Schoenbachler

LOVE

Love is something in all of us. In some it's a little or maybe a lot--it all depends on the person.

To me love is trust, kindness and comfort. When needed, mostly you should love people; love and trust each other.

---Tom Liggett

## CONFIDENCE

Confidence is a very important ally for a happy and successful life. A satisfying feeling of being emotionally and physically capable of handling everyday problems and situations is a quality essential for accomplishment. Self-confidence has helped me in my life and many sports. If you believe in your capabilities, regardless of what others may believe, confidence will prove to be a great asset in accomplishing the unknown.

---Richard Barnhart

## HOPE

Hope for many people is a "life-line" to which their lives are joined. They are usually insecure people who cling desperately to thoughts of hope for something to happen.

Hoping is a bad way to spend your life, because it usually ends up in disappointments.

---Helen Parson

## HOPE

Let me start out by defining hope. It is to long for or to want for something. I feel that this is a very major part of life, because without hope what reason would life really offer?

---Mike Ward

## THE LONG VOYAGE

The whole story started in New York Harbor in New York City. This is about a submarine called the USS. Runabout. . . On its way out to the ocean they saw a German cruiser. It fired first, but in the end, the U.S. sub destroyed it.

With no person left they went on with their mission to find a hiding place around the U.S.A.

---George Bouquet

## THIS PERSON

This person's blood is running swiftly through his heart. It pumps with incredible speed.

Electric messages race to the brain.

All reproduce unbelievably fast and the lungs contract and expand faster than is possible.

At once a blade of metal slices into the heart lining. Antibodies race to the damaged area. The gash is very bad and has damaged the heart beyond repair. The blood slows down. The heart slows down. The brain slows down while the body's defense system endeavors to repair the injured organ. But it is too late.

The person is dead.

---Don Young

## LOVE THEME

I love you very much...much more than any words can say. I know that you love me too...and our love grows more and more each passing day.

Nothing or no one will ever come between us...because I love you and you love me. That's what counts most of all.

We love other people...but most of all we love each other...and that's what counts most of all.

We love our sister and our brother, but most of all we love each other.



I write you letters and you write me back. I keep all of your letters in a neat and nice stack. I may love you always, no matter what any one may say. My love for you will get stronger each passing day.

There is one thing I want you to remember whatever you may do, remember that I LOVE YOU.

---Donny Stivers

### HOPE

November 6, 1975, at the home of Thomas L. Spenser on Lexington Road saw a litter of large, white German Shepherds born. Their ears were cropped and their dew-claws were cut at 10 weeks and they were ready to be sold.

On January 25, our family decided to buy one of these beautiful dogs to serve as a pet and also as a guard dog. This was not the first dog that we had owned. In the past we had an old hound dog, a cute little mutt that we picked up from the street and also a German Shepherd named Hollie. We did not have these dogs at that particular time.

At 8:30 p.m. we called Mr. Spenser and asked some questions about the pups. We asked if there happened to be any signs of hip dysplasia in the mother or father of the litter.

Hip dysplasia is a bone defect in the back legs. The ball and socket joints are not joined properly and it causes the dog great pain and agony. As the dog grows older, it becomes impossible for him to walk and soon the dog will die unless it can be helped. This is often caused by the careless breeding of dogs by people who don't choose proper mates. This defect is hereditary.

Mr. Spenser said that there were no signs of any defect in the whole litter. They were in perfect condition and were very healthy.

So we asked him if he could bring us a couple of pups so we could choose which one we wanted. He was kind enough to do this for us and we looked at them carefully.

One of the pups was as wild as a pony and we couldn't hold on to her. But the other was quiet and friendly with us. She was nothing like her sister. It seemed as if she had some-

thing on her mind but I couldn't figure out quite what. She was so quiet.

We all decided to keep her and name her Hope. We had hoped that she would stay with us for a long time. Little did she know that her life would be a short one, filled with some problems and yet happiness and joy.

From the beginning of her life with us to the time she had to leave us, she was a light-hearted and faithful pup. When she was five months old, she started trying to protect us. We were pleased and we knew she was to brighten our days and make us happy.

Time passed quickly until she was a full-grown beauty. Her first Christmas was exciting for her. She got many gifts--a bone, a pink penguin and other squeaky toys.

We were all so happy to have her around. Only God knew that her first Christmas would also be her last.

On the 24th of January, tragedy struck.

I had just come from the N.C.A.S.B. Wrestling Tournament in Indiana when I noticed that she was not herself.



She was too quiet and she couldn't walk well either. I wondered to myself, "What can be wrong with this poor dog?" For some reason she would not go outside and I couldn't understand why.

The next day was even worse. I tried my best to make her eat something but it was hopeless.

The hours of the day seemed to drag along. Hope needed help but the snow that lay on the ground made things impossible. It covered the ground with an icy, thick blanket. We couldn't even reach a doctor for her.

At 8:00 p.m. that night she slowly crept into the living room where we were all sitting.

I guess she knew she would die soon and she wanted to see us for one last time. We all talked to her and told her what a fine dog she was. Then she went to the other room and sank to the floor.

Her legs just wouldn't hold her up any longer. We called the doctor and told him that she was all limber and helpless. Her eyes were also



glassy. It was horrible to see her in that condition.

He said that she had been poisoned.

How could that be? Why would anyone want to kill such a wonderful dog?

There was nothing left to do now but pray that she might live. I knew that she was suffering. She held on as long as she could and then she was just too sick to move anymore.

I was sitting right beside her when she took her last breath. During the time I spent with her that night, I told her that she wouldn't be suffering much longer. I told her that everything was going to be all right. It seemed so hard for her to breathe and her mouth was cold and slimy. We had called a cab but it was too late. The driver came in and looked at her and he knew right away that she was dead. He was right.

Tears fell like rain at the sight of our wonderful dog's death. I had never in my life watched anything die before and it was so hard to believe and understand. Our dog died on the exact same day that we got her but a year later. That was really strange.

We all lent a hand at getting Hope into two, large bags and put her out on the porch until we could get someone to pick her up and take her away.

I looked at that bag and I remembered that just a few days ago she was just as happy as any dog could possibly be. At first I couldn't really accept it, but I knew that I had to.

All of us were thankful that she was out of her misery and she would not have to suffer any longer.

I just can't understand what people get out of killing animals. It's not right and it's not fair to animals. They live their lives loving their masters and serving as wonderful pets. Why do they have to suffer in such a horrible way? I hope that people will be punished someday for doing such things.

---Debbie Cheek

## THE UNDERWATER WORLD

The underworld can be fun if you do it right and be safe. I like submarines and how they work. I would like to go into a submarine and see what it looks like.

I would like to go skin-diving underwater and see all the fish and sunken ships.

I have always liked the ships above the water also, like the battleships or destroyers.

---George Bouquet

## SORROW

Love in life can bring numerous hurts and sorrows. Life can be short or long, right or wrong--it's your choice. Sorrow brings grief to a person's heart.

Sometimes it's easy to overcome, but other times it seems to never go away. Sorrow first hits the heart and soon it takes over the whole body. It begins as a mental pain and then becomes a physical pain.

---Mary Barnes

## TRUST

In any relationship trust is the key that may open the door to many pleasurable experiences or it may act as an obstacle between you and another's kindness.

A heart filled with trust is a heart bursting with warmth and love. Relinquishing your trust to another being is a way of showing your warmth and love to that person and saying, "Here, take it, but treat it with care or the trust I once had will vanish."

After a mutual trust has been broken, to replenish your trust in that person is virtually impossible. On the other hand, when two persons can hold to that trust, only the most beautiful and fulfilling things will occur.

---Doug Keathley

## THE YEAR 2000

The year 2000 will be a button age- if there is one. If there is, I am going to write about it. There will be lunar cities and space vehicles



that will take you from Earth to another galaxy in a matter of seconds.

There will be a cure for cancer and the common cold. Just take the pill and POP! it's gone.

I hope I am still around when 2000 rolls around. If I am still here I will live in a lunar city as far away from Earth as I could go.

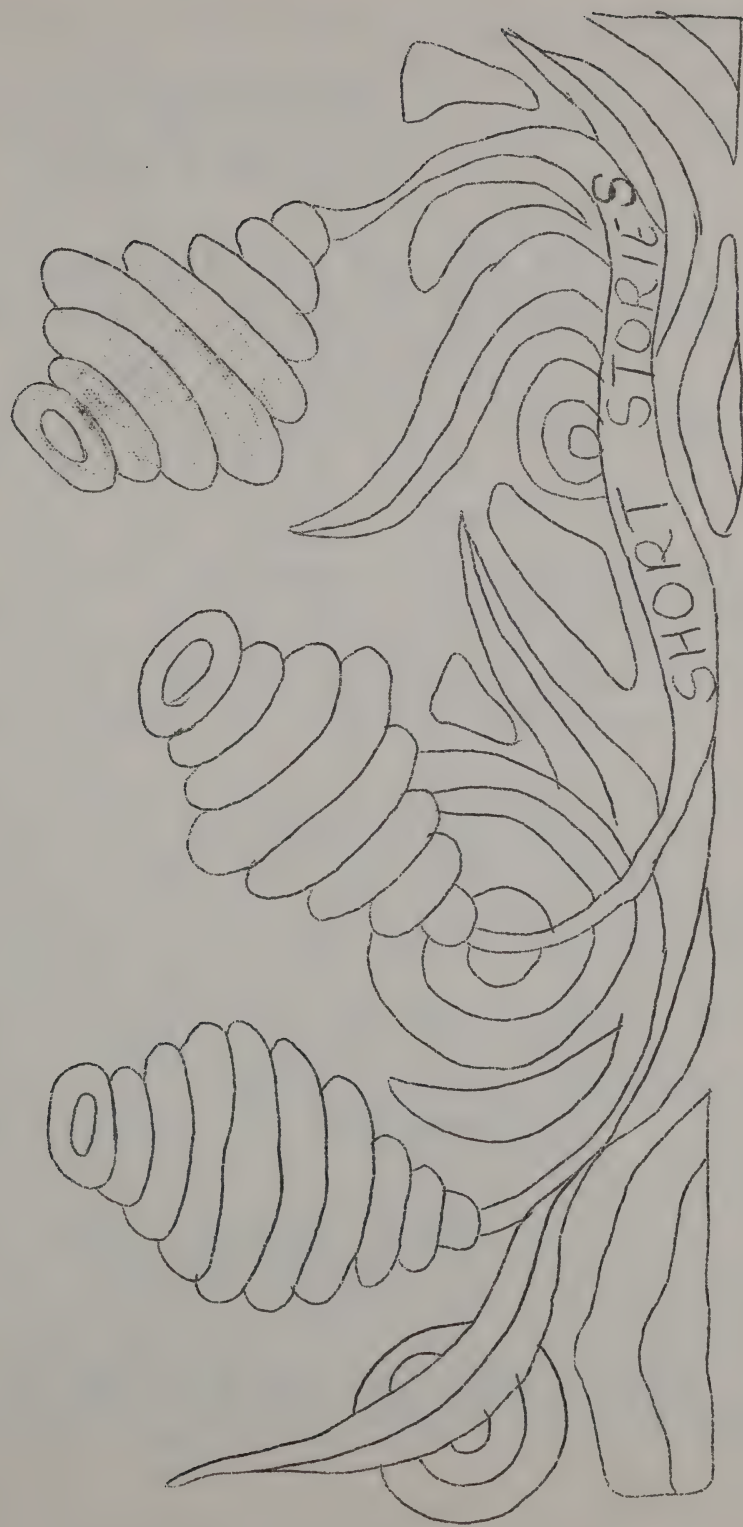
---David Raynes

## SEX AND VIOLENCE ON TELEVISION

I feel that the F.C.C. should ask more people what they feel about a show before they make a decision on the show. They say that all shows with violence should be shown after nine o'clock. If a grown person wants to see a show all he has to do is sit up until it comes on. I think all parents should be asked also. The parent knows what their kids watch and can tell if they can handle it or not. Personally, I feel some of the shows on during the family hour have a lot of sex in them. If S.W.A.T. was moved, why not move Gunsmoke also?

---Billy Wright









## NEAN RUNN Billy Wright

Neane Runn was one of the meanest men in the West. He made whiskey and sold it. He met a woman who was thought to be the nicest in town. He fell in love with this woman. He asked her to marry him. She turned him into a nice person. He stopped all his wildness. He joined the church and became a nice person in the community. The whole community did not believe what they saw.

One Sunday morning they came to church. Big Runn got up and opened church. Women fell out of their chairs. Men started crying.

Then one morning he fell dead in his tracks. His funeral was thought of as the biggest in the country.

## THE PERFECT CRIME Helen Young

It was an ordinarily damp night in England on April 6, 1943. The night

had a strange evil feel in the air. The streets were sprinkled with a few late workers on their way home.

Jane Stewart, a waitress, was on her way home. Her boss had asked her to work a double shift. Nancy Crammer, her roommate, hadn't come to pick her up yet. She decided to walk to the apartment. Jane would be the first victim.

Jane Stewart, 24, was found stabbed unmercifully in the chest and abdomen. This was the first news headline of the search for the multimurder case that went unsolved.

The second victim was tall, blonde and 21. Karen Clark was a well-known customer at the town bar. The type of stab wounds were similar to Jane Stewart's.

Over two months time fourteen young women had been stabbed. There were no clues. The girls were all found in an area of four miles.

The English police were searching for clues or witnesses to the murders.

A man reported that he saw a red car parked around the corner from

where Jane had been working the night she was killed. The car had two men sitting in the front. They seemed to be watching the restaurant or waiting for someone. After investigation the car was found to have shown up in the area where each victim had last been seen alive. The car was never found.

It made no sense. Why would two men kill so many girls for apparently no reason?

After two months of searching for evidence that would lead to the location of the men the police gave up.

They knew this had been a perfect crime. It went down as unsolved in the police record of murders. No one can imagine the motive of the men. After the fourteen girls were murdered no other victim would face this horrible death of unknown.

On May 17, 1965 a man in his 60's entered the police station. He said his name was Ray Clore. He told an officer he had knowledge of fourteen murders of young women in the 40's. "The murders happened because a waitress walked out on a man." Ray said. "The man violently

went insane. He took out his revenge on all those girls." Ray would not tell the murderer's name. The police had no proof of whether or not this story was true. It is a terrible thing to happen, but with no proof of evidence the murders remained unsolved.

## LIFE OF BETH

Mary Barnes

In March of '76, seventeen-year-old Beth Sharp decided it was time for her to be treated like the rest of her friends in her peer group. All through her life she had been confined to her house because her parents didn't want her to be involved in the spreading contagion of the young kids of today. Beth had always been given everything she wanted, all but freedom.

Mike Brown, a tall dark-headed boy, friend of Beth's, decided it was time for her to have fun. That night Beth and Mike ran away from home. They both had in their minds that they would take the world and make it one big party.



One thing they didn't know was without money they could never make it alone. They faced all kinds of hardships until they made the decision that the only way to make money was to turn to selling drugs.

Beth was beginning to miss the luxuries of home. She and Mike took dope instead of filling their stomachs with nourishing food.

After a couple of months Beth realized she was now faced with another problem. She was facing the responsibility of bringing a child into the world. She knew she couldn't turn to her parents after putting them through the torture of her leaving home. Mike was upset over the situation because he knew they couldn't feed themselves, so there was no possible way of bringing another mouth to feed into the world.

Beth was torn between all the strains of her family and of Mike not wanting to have the child. The only way she could turn was to suicide. She hated to depart from her loved ones but

she knew this was an easy way to escape her problem.

Beth was found dead a few days later in a nearby alley from an overdose of drugs. Her death brought sorrow to those who loved her, but it helped Beth and the problems she had to face then and in the future.

## "THE MAGICAL SEASON"

Doug Keathley

"We've been called the tail-catchers of our conference too long," Coach Young yelled to his team at their initial get-together of the season.

"I've had it; we have some talent this year and, fellows, we can go places with work, so plan on working or leaving."

Taylor and Wilson, returnees from last year's squad, turned and looked at each other with a blank expression covering both faces. Young then asked a little more calmly, "Can't believe it? Well, you'll see come Monday; first--practice." Then he dismissed the team.

Young walked toward his office slowly, head down and fists clinched in his pants' pockets. When he reached for the glass door, the reflection of his team was shown as though he was peering in a mirror. Then he turned around with one quick quirk.

"I want to win at least half of our games my last year of coaching."

A tear dripped down the cheek of the old man as he turned, took a step into the office and shut the door very quietly.

Jimmie Hunter stood up from the midst of the team, cleared his throat with a short grunt that broke the silence of the room. He looked around at the other twelve faces which were now fixed upon him, sighed and began, "The old man means it. He really wants to taste victory and, frankly, I believe it would hit my taste buds with a sweet refinement."

After a moment the team began to disburse, each going his own way, carrying his own intimate thoughts.

Practice began that Monday as the coach promised. He also kept his other

guarantee--his team worked! At the conclusion of each practice session, he held a small shining smile as he watched the team literally drag themselves from exhaustion to the showers.

He always shouted a word of encouragement, "Some workout!" Young knew his team was giving him their 110% best.

The efforts in practice were becoming even more evident as opening game grew closer. They were gaining what they needed most--confidence.

"The magical night is finally here," Young told his Cober State Cougars.

"We've worked tremendously hard for two months. Let's put it to use."

That they did, winning twenty-six and losing none. The Cougars danced through the post-season tournament that uncovers the champion of small colleges.

The season for the Cougars was that of tremendous efforts throughout. It included one major downfall. Coach Bill Young passed away just before his team's thirteenth victory. He muttered, "I'm proud of my boys," just before he closed his eyes for the final time.



The Cougars devoted their season to a man whom they loved greatly. That love brought fame and glory to each man on the team.

## THE LEGEND OF BOY

Debbie Cheek

Mike Osborne

Mike Schoenbachler

This is an absurd legend of a small boy who was flying with his family in a small passenger plane over Africa. For some unknown reason they crashed in the midst of a heavily wooded area, killing every passenger except the small boy who was six years old.

He managed to survive his childhood years in harmony with the animals. He had to learn to hunt and to understand the animals of the wild.

The animals were dangerous in those parts; therefore, he learned to protect himself from such animals as lions, tigers, bears and elephants. His weapons were powerful grape vines and rocks.

One day while he was searching for something to eat he ran across a smothering rock. A smothering rock isn't what you think it is; it is simply a coconut. It had fallen from a tree and it looked good. As he bent over to pick it up, another one fell and hit him in the head. It was the brother of the first. He slept for three days.

Then he discovered a long, slimy, nasty, slithering, ropelike animal. It was a snake lying beside him. He knew if he moved that he would be bitten. Then suddenly a bear came out of nowhere and seized the slithering, slimy beast. The boy thought he was rescued, but suddenly he realized that the snake had eaten the bear.

He knew that he had to escape to the nearest Convenient to buy some anti-snake cola. He came back and offered it to the snake.

After drinking the cola which did not agree with its stomach, the snake regurgitated the bear.

With this happy news, the bear walked away with a grin on his face

BUBBLY  
STOMACH

COLA

DAYS OF  
OUR  
LIVES

PLANE

SNAKER BAR

OH! WHAT A  
RELIEF IT  
IS!

BIG  
BEAR

CONVENIENT

SMOTHERING  
ROCK

GRAPE

VINE





saying, "Oh, what a relief it is!"

So the snake was so miserable that he went to the Convenient to get some Alka-Seltzer.

The boy escaped easily. He returned to his cave in hope that he hadn't missed his favorite soap opera, "The Days of Our Lives".

He sat there eating a Snaker bar. After that he was tired, so he went to bed and dreamed of the days to come.

## THE GHETTO

Tom Liggett

I remember back in Lexington, Ky., where I used to live on the bad side of town where they fight and kill each other.

One night I decided to visit a friend. He lived about five blocks down the street. When I got there, I found out that he had moved away. That really made me mad because he had borrowed \$57.00 two years ago. I asked where he had gone and no one knew or would not tell. Most likely they did not know because I was the coolest person in that part

of town and the whole town knew that no one could smash my head into a wall.

The next morning I set out to find the boy because nobody could rip that much money off me. I looked all over town and I did not find him. I tried Louisville and still did not find him. Finally I called the police to see what they could do, but they said that a man had come in about two days ago and made a complaint about his borrowing money and not paying it back. They could not find a trace of him.

I was sitting in a bar when I thought I saw him sitting at the table with a girl who had been waiting for a cab at the corner. When I went over to see him, I was wrong. It was someone who looked a lot like him.

About five years later I found him in a morgue in Warsaw, Ky. No one knew who he was, so I had to identify him. I asked the man if I could get my money and he said he had to have proof of it. Lucky for me, in his wallet was a note

saying that he owed me money. I got my money and split.

After I got home, I told everybody that he was dead and the worst part of all was telling his wife, mother, and father. They arranged the burial. It was the nicest burial ever held. After that we all lived in peace. I don't mean that he was a rotten person or anything like that, but no fighting was going on for a while which was nice.

## SPEEDWAY

Billy Wright

Speedway was the fastest race-track in the U.S. It was even faster than Daytona. Some of the great stock car drivers in the world have driven here. It was always the last race of the year.

Last year there were five men tied for first place going into this race. All the men were trying their best to get the title.

J.H. was in first place going into the 350th lap of a 500-lap race. His car had a blow-out and went into a spin-out. He could not get out of

the way of an oncoming car. The car hit him in the back, spun around and hit J.H.'s car again. J.H.'s car caught on fire.

The race track fire department put the fire out. J.H. was dragged out of the car and raced to the hospital. He had broken one leg and one arm. He stayed in the hospital for six weeks.

His wife visited him often. She did not want him to go back to racing.

He did not listen to his wife. Two months after the crash, he was back in another race.

## A LESSON LEARNED

Debbie Broyles

Julia O'Brien was one of the new students attending Orange Grove High School. Things seemed to be getting worse all the time. She seemed to run out of time. It was hard to find time to do her school-work which was getting harder all the time. Nor could she find the time to attend all those little meetings



she always said she'd be at before she thought about what she was saying.

"The harder I work, the less I have to show for all my efforts," she would tell her friends. Life was getting to be a real bore for her. She simply had to do something to make it exciting. "Maybe I'll join Sally and Frank at the beach. Or maybe I'll get strung out on drugs with Jimmy. At least if I did, I would be out of my misery for a while."

Now it just so happened that things weren't going so good for Jimmy either and he was thinking about calling Julia. She always had a way of making him feel better.

Julia stopped at her locker and picked up her books on the bottom shelf. She didn't even stop to see which ones she had gotten. "I am getting to the point where I don't care if I get my homework done," she told one of her friends.

She walked in the front door and opened her own bedroom. It was a mess. Why couldn't her mother clean up her room like all the other girls' mothers did?

She always said, "Julia, you're capable of cleaning your own room." Julia started her homework.

Several minutes later when the phone rang, Julia dropped a stack of books.

"Julia," her mother called, "get the phone."

Julia picked up the hallway extension. "Hello," she said.

"Julia, is that you?"

It was Jimmy and Julia was glad it was, because he had a way of making her feel better. "Jimmy, what's up?"

"Nothing, really, I just had to find out if you were busy tonight."

"No, I'm not busy and besides, I could use some company tonight," she said.

She left her house and walked over to Jimmy's. He hadn't taken notice of her until lately and she was eager to see him.

When she knocked on the door and entered, she immediately realized why Jimmy had wanted her company. She could smell the marijuana cigarettes he was smoking. She knew that as long as she was with him,

he would be careful and not smoke too much.

"Jimmy, you promised that you'd quit doing that to yourself," she said angrily.

"I can't, baby, I've got to have 'em."

"Jimmy, I'm disappointed, she said, starting to cry.

"Cool it, baby. It isn't anything to get upset about. Besides, it's my life."

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," she interrupted. "Can't you see that I'm worried about you because I love you? Maybe you've been too high lately to pay any attention to me."

"Julia, that's not fair. Why don't you try them? You haven't any right to talk about something you have never tried?"

"I don't want to try them, Jimmy, I want to help you to get away from them."

"Julia, listen to me. I've told you time and time again that I gotta do something to get away from everybody's hassling. Dry your eyes and sit down."

Julia sat down and Jimmy handed

her a cigarette. It was a hard decision to make. She was thinking of the many lectures her mother had given her when she first let her start dating. Finally she decided to do it for Jimmy. He would be upset if she didn't.

The phone rang and Jimmy answered. "Hello," he said.

"Is Julia there?" came the other voice.

"No, man, I haven't seen her."

The receiver clicked and Jimmy hung up the phone.

Several hours later, when Julia left Jimmy's house, she was still trying to decide how she felt and what viewpoint she would take for her own.

On one hand, maybe Jimmy was right. Maybe she should try to find some outlet for all of her problems, maybe joints were the answer.

Then if you looked on the other hand, her mother could be right. Maybe she should leave drugs along. Maybe it could lead to stronger drugs. Maybe it could lead to frightening trips. Right now, all she wanted



was to sleep.

The next morning, when the alarm clock rang, Julia rolled over sleepily and cut it off. She didn't feel like going to school. She felt sick.

"Julia, are you up?" called her mother.

"No, Mom, I don't feel like going to school. I've got an awful headache."

Well, really it wasn't a lie. She felt like her body was falling apart.

Julia and Jimmy had pretty much the same classes and when Julia didn't show up for homeroom, he started wondering what was the matter.

At about 10:30, the telephone rang and her mother picked up the downstairs extension.

"Is Julia around?" came the other voice before she had a chance to say her usual five-minute speech of "Hello, O'Brien's residence."

"Yes, she's here," she said, deciding not to give him a lecture on not interrupting when someone is speaking.

Julia happened to be in the hall when her mother mentioned her name. She went into her room and picked up the phone which sat beside her bed.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Julia, it's Jimmy. What's the matter? Why aren't you in school today? Are you sick?"

"Wait a minute, Jimmy, stop asking questions long enough and I'll tell you. You're the matter! You gave me too many of your crummy cigarettes. That should give you a good idea as to what's the matter with me."

"Hey, baby, cool it. It isn't going to kill you. I've done it before. Take it from me, you'll be all right."

"Maybe for now, Jimmy, but one of these days you'll go too far with them. You'll go too far out for anyone to do anything for you."

"Listen, baby, I gotta go. If you remember, I'm in school."

The phone clicked and Julia put down her receiver. She didn't know what was the matter with Jimmy. He wouldn't take her advice when he knew she was right. He never had really taken her advice, but he used to at least listen to it.

That evening after Jimmy got home from school, Julia went over to his house. They again smoked a few joints. About an hour later, Julia started to notice that Jimmy was getting pretty wrapped-up in his smoking. This time he was interested in something else--heroin.

About 10:00, Jimmy's mother went to the door, opened it and gasped, "Jim, come here right now! Something's the matter with the kids."

They took both Jimmy and Julia to the hospital and called Julia's parents. Julia's parents arrived in about ten minutes and both sets of parents waited to talk to the doctor. He said the two had an overdose of heroin. They were lucky and would be all right in a few days.

"May I see my daughter?" Mrs. O'Brien asked.

"Yes, but don't stay with her too long, because she is unconscious. She won't know you."

Julia's mother stayed with her until she regained consciousness. Julia opened her eyes and looked around the room. "Mom, is that you?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart, it's me," her mother said quietly.

"I let you down, didn't I? Well, I would like you to know why I did it. Ever since we moved here, I felt like I had to work harder in order to prove that I was someone. Everything just seemed to be getting more complicated for me. I had to have a way to get away from it all. Jimmy seemed to be different. Nothing seemed ever to get him upset. When he asked me if I would try smoking with him, I first said no, and I tried to tell him it was wrong. He kept after me and I loved him so much that I finally gave in."

"Don't think about it right now. We'll discuss it later with your father."

Julia and Jimmy both recovered quickly.

Both young people learned a lesson from their mistake. They learned that you can't run away from your problems. If you love someone enough, you should want to do your best to make them happy. Julia learned that she should do what she knew was right and not what someone else wanted her to do. Jimmy learned that you should try to be the best person you can be for your own sake.



## THE FISHING TRIP

Richard Barnhart

It was a bright Monday morning. A slightly chilled breeze was sufficient to wake the early rising fishermen. What a day this would be for fishing! The water was clear, warm, and sparkling with just a tiny line of ripples flowing across the current.

"Those fish from last night's catch would sure be good for breakfast," Larry and Rick said simultaneously.

"Someone thought so," returned Barney. "The bucket's empty. Must have been a bad catch."

"Well, in that case, rather the fish than me," remarked Orval in a sleepy voice.

Things weren't looking too good for the quartet at this point, but all this had happened before. It seemed they would learn after a while. No food was to be found anywhere nor was there anywhere to get food out in the middle of nowhere.

"Oh! Help!" cried Barney.

"There goes Barney rolling down the hill," Larry laughed.

"Yea! and there goes our bait too!" Rick shouted.

Crickets began spilling from the broken metal container, which had so long confined them. It was futile to try and recapture the hopping creatures. They were as good as gone at the first chance and they had gotten it.

"Well, back to the good old days." groaned Rick and picked up a shovel pitching it to Barney. "Start digging, dummy!"

"My hand hurts from the fall," Barney griped.. "I can't dig."

"Sure ain't gonna be me." Orval complained. "I'll pull the worms out, but I'm sure not digging."

Larry finally gave in and began chopping up the bank of the lake.

"I've never seen so many worms! There's hundreds of them." Orval chuckled.

Maybe their luck was changing. For the time it seemed so. The four fishermen once again started out towards the boats....Rick and Orval one way and Barney and Larry the other.

"I hope these fish like worms." Rick said sarcastically.

"If they're as hungry as I am, they'll eat about anything." Orval replied.

"We'll meet you at the cove!" Larry yelled from the other end of the dock.

The boats roared off together churning up the quiet water. The breeze had ceased and the water was as smooth as glass. Four men began pulling in fish right and left. After three hours of fishing the men had their quota of fish.

"Let's head back and get some of these fish in our stomachs," Larry said.

"I'll start the motor," Barney volunteered, standing straight up in the small boat.

"You'll have us both in the.....!"

SPLASH!

It was too late, the boat tipped and they both rolled into the water with their day's catch not far behind. Worms, fishing rods and reels, anchors, and rope tumbled down like arrows, straight to the bottom.

"I'll kill you!" Larry screamed, coughing up a mouthful of water.

"I've never seen such a klutz in my life!"

"You're all washed up," the other two laughed.

"You think so?" Larry grinned, flipping the boat containing Rick and Orval.

"Now who's all washed up?"

"Here come some geese!" shouted Orval.

Grabbing a wooden oar, Barney smacked it across the bird's head.

"There's our dinner, boys, I've always liked roasted geese."

"That's good" Larry said, "because what you just killed were ducks."

"Well, who's going to dive for the fishing gear?" Orval asked.

"Barney?"

It was a unanimous decision. Well--except for Barney, of course, who protested saying if it wasn't for him we wouldn't have anything to eat, but it was his fault the fish were lost.

Rick and Orval began plucking the ducks while Larry and Barney recovered most of the gear. The process took well over an hour.



As the group started back they picked up fire wood along the bank for the roast duck.

The men finally made it back to camp and got to eat.

The sun was scorching hot and the men chose to break camp and head home. By the time they were on the truck and ready to go they had been sunburned. This made the trip home hot and long, but most of all uncomfortable.

## THE STREAK OF THE YELLOW DOG

Leslie Riggs

In the summer of 1953, in North Carolina to be exact, there lived a family. They lived up on a high mountain. The family had a mother, a father and four children. The names of the children started off with John. He was the oldest and was 15 years old. Then came Alice who was 14 years old. Then came Frank and Ann who were twins and were 8. Then, of course, there were Mr. and Mrs. Lapham.

It all began on June 7, 1953. That was the last day of school for the

children and, you'd better believe it, the girls and boys were happy. If you had seen the country road, you would have thought there was a circus going on. But as you know, it was only the children going home from school. When they came home their mother, Mrs. Lapham, was glad to see them.

"Okay, children, first things first. We must go to town and buy some summer clothes for us. Also we must go to the market to buy supplies of food, seeds and garden tools. When your father gets home, we will hoe up the garden."

So everyone was ready to go in a hurry because the kids loved shopping most of all. When they got back their father was sitting on the porch smoking a cigar.

The family owned about 150 acres of land. They also owned a lake, two apple trees, pear, plum, peach, oak, pine, cedar and cherry trees. It was sure a pretty place. They had plowed the garden in two days and within a week the garden was all planted.

One day John was walking up a hill on his own land. When he got to the

top he looked down at the garden. All at once he saw a yellow dog in the brush racing toward the garden. It grabbed four tomatoes and took off toward the thicket. John ran as fast as he could, but it wasn't fast enough. He ran into the house and told his parents what had happened. His father said, "Get your shotgun, son, we have work to do."

On the way out the door, the other children asked what they were going to do. They started walking through the woods and heard some fighting between animals. But the strange thing was that the noise was coming from behind them. They ran toward the house.

When they reached the garden, they saw the girls were up against the shed.

A cougar was in front of them. In a flash, a yellow streak came flying out of the bushes and tangled with the cougar.

The fight was over in a moment.

John said, "It is the yellow dog. Just think, we were going to kill him."

Mr. Lapham said, "I will keep him for the rest of his life." And they did just that.

After the dog had died of rabies, they did not get another pet. The Laphams lived in North Carolina for the rest of their lives.

## THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE FREE

Don Stivers

When I was just a lad, I knew a boy that was the same age I was. We were both at the age of seven when we met each other. Ever since then we have been just like brothers to each other. Jim asked me over to his house three days later to play with him. Well, I walked in the house. About five minutes later, his father came into the living room which was where we were playing. He told me to get out of his house and that none of Jim's friends were welcome in his house because they were all good boys and they weren't real if they didn't drink or smoke.

I saw Jim at school the next day and he asked me if I was mad at him. I said, "No."

He looked at me startled. He said that everyone else who came to his house didn't speak to him anymore after that.



Ever since that day, Jim has been telling me that he can't wait until he is 16, so he can leave. So we grew up together and all we ever talked about was how after we got out of school that we were going to get an apartment.

All the other years after that, Jim was beaten and thrown around.

Finally, we got our apartment and after three weeks Jim said that he was going to see his dad because he hadn't seen him for three weeks.

I remember his telling me that even though he doesn't love him, he still loves his dad. Two minutes later, after he left, I heard a deafening crash.

I ran outside. I said, "It can't be!" I ran to see. I saw pieces of glass sticking out all over. It was Jim.

At least I know where he went.

PINPOINT

Don Young

As the screen showed blackness with spots of light spattered about it, simulating the movement of the stars,

it was actually the ship moving at warp speed. A tall, slender, gray-haired man sat in the chair closest to the screen. As he stared with a blank expression on his face, he punched a button on the control console circling the entire room.

Around him a red light read on the panel that the log file had been activated. He cleared his throat and flicked a switch on the right arm of his chair.

"Discovery III Log, Captain's Log, Date 20096 point 94. John Maskwell, recording commanding Star mission to system L-14-- have left Star Control central out 4.7 solar hours. Log out."

As he shut off the log recorder, the door at the back of the large round room slid open and another tall, slender man entered. This guy is a young, dark-haired, blue-eyed, soldier-type officer.

"Sir, computer central on deck 28 reports all systems functioning properly."

The young man sat down by the

older Captain Maskwell.

"Jim, do you always have to be so official and technical about everything? You could have just said everything's running well. The old man continued staring at the large display review screen.

"Engaging warp drive, speed factor 7 point 9, sir, all systems report green." The young man pushed a line of buttons on the large panel in front.

"Ah, what's the use!" said old Captain Maskwell. At that second he leaned back in his chair involuntarily and so did young Commander Jim. The whining grew louder, showing the sound of pure power. The speed of the ship had increased from sub-light to 149,000 times the speed of light which is 186,000 miles a second.

"Warp Factor 7.9 achieved, sir, adjusting to course 126 mark 4, heading for Star System L-14, planet Deniva in Gama 9 solar system of that cluster, sir."

The young man had been talking to himself because the captain wasn't listening.

The long, sleek silver Star Ship moved through the clusters of stars like an eagle through the mountains.

In a huge room was a control console. On every wall were red, green, yellow, blue, white and orange lights flashing. The man who entered the room walked over to one of the consoles. A beeping noise emerged from the speaker on one of the panels. The speaker came on. A man hit the button on the panel.

"Engineering," said the man in a hoarse voice.

"Computer control," answered the speaker. "All systems report approaching our destination."

"Message received--out."

The man wore a uniform like the ones worn by the commander and the officer on the bridge.

Another man entered a room filled with beds in single-file. It was the young officer Jim.

"Doc, we are approaching L-14. ETA one hour and 30.2 seconds, sir."



"Why are we going to L-14?"

The doctor spoke as he worked on his hypo collection (a group of needles in metal containers in the 24th century).

"Doc, what have you against L-14?"

The doctor dropped a small glass cylinder of stinking tryox compound, a medicine used to cure cancer in its late stages.

"What in the world is that supposed to mean, Jim? You know that my daughter was killed in an Ar-chonian raid there four years ago."

"Hold it, Doc! I meant no insult about it. It just slipped my memory for the time."

"I guess it's all right, but you should know Faye was my only child and it hurts to lose the only other member of your family. Over the years I have lost my wife in a Klingon raid on Organia and my kid brother in the Romulan raid on Earth Outpost 4 in the Balance of Terror incident involving the Star Fleet Starship Enterprise. The rest of my family was killed in the massacre by Codose the

Executioner, also involving the Enterprise."

"I understand, Mike. I am truly sorry. Clean that mess up. Please make this sick bay smell like a sick bay."

Outside the corridor of the engineering section, the walks began to glow with a bright red-dish color. A crewman walked past and saw it. He ran down toward the elevator door, hit a button and a light in the rectangular panel started flashing.

"Bridge Red Alert! Deck 21 overload in atomic matter pile. Evacuate decks 20, 21, 22 and all sections in area 7."

The red alert lit shiplights all over the Star Ship. The lights flashed on and off in a rhythm with a screen screaming. On the bridge the captain hit a button on his chair.

"All sections acknowledge. Evacuate section 7 and decks 20, 21, 22. Report sick bay. Stand by, engineering. Shut down matter pile. Helmsman, reduce to sub-warp speed. Impulse driver, speed

factor 037."

The captain ran over to the communications station and told the young boy sitting there.

"Send a message...Star Fleet Command: Emergency! We are changing course for 126.12 speed at sub-lite .J37."

"But, sir, the helmsman says that will carry us out of the galaxy."

"Right you are, helm," the old man said with a fury in his eye, "if we are going to make a red sun going, super-nova look like a wet firecracker with a dead fuse, we will not do it in inhabited space."

The helmsman turned on the main screen as the navigator in the next seat across the space astrogator (which looks like a big clock without numbers on a slanting panel) looked at the screen. The screen showed the stars moving slowly and the brightest star in the center of the screen moved slowly off to the right side which was the

system L-14 for which their course was set.

The alarm and light continued to flash red on the bridge. The captain looked at the screen.

"Are we satisfactory distance from L-14, helm?" asked the captain.

"Aye," answered the helm.

The captain hit the button on his chair and said, "Engineer, time factor for overload."

"7 hours 13.1,223,701 seconds, sir," the voice answered. The captain turned his chair to face the main screen and the backs of the helmsman and navigator.

"Warp Factor 19.12, helm!"

The helm turned to the captain in astonishment. "Sir!" he gasped.

"Those are my orders, helm. I suggest that you do not disobey them."

"Aye, sir," said the young man at the panel. "Warp 19.12."

At that moment when the Star Ship hit the incredible speed of one hundred thousand two hundred million nine hundred ninety-nine times the speed of light, the



whole ship rocked as men and women went falling on the floors, deck, walls, roofs and control panels. On the bridge at that precise second the time crodometer read 200.97 point 1--one hour and 30 minutes after the log entry of Discovery III was made by Captain John Parkins Maskwell.

Among the darkness of inner-galactic space a brilliant, bright explosion of a hundred million red suns going supernova, occurred, but in safe space where no one could be harmed by it.

Discovery III was gone forever and ever. After the light died down, a small probe-like needle device appeared. On it were these words for all to see.

"Discovery III---Commander John P. Maskwell---Stardate 200.97.1. May we never find space so dark, galaxy so vast, planet so cold that we cannot fill them with love and unity."







